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sunshine

ASIAN YOUTH MONTHLY WITH A WORLD VIEW
FOUNDED IN 1954

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PURPOSE

This Asian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the *Children's Sunshine Concerns,* a registered Non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 12-16, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and appealing English language practice—all the pleasant way. It seeks to serve their age-equals abroad as a dependable bridge of friendship, and to meet the needs and interests of youth everywhere by giving them literature that is educative, edifying and entertaining.

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OUR COVER

Can we—can you, readers—guard this tender plant, Gandhiji's dream for India, from the heat of violence and hatred?

TRUTH—JOY—SERVICE

GANDHIJI taught that by following the path of truth you find joy in service. He not only taught it, he believed it and lived his life that way. Many thousands of young people in 1920-45 found this so simple that they too tried it out and found him to be correct.

That, indeed, is what brought India her independence. Here were thousands of men and women who believed that India should be free because it could not be True that one country or race should rule over another. And like Gandhiji, they wanted the British people and Government to understand this truth and leave India. So, they first practised it themselves.

Gandhiji had looked around him and found that in India the backward classes and tribal people were ruled over by the caste Hindus. He found that women were kept out of education and often treated as inferiors by their menfolk. He found that rural folk were at the mercy of the landlords and city merchants. He found that labourers and workers had few rights. He applied the test of Truth or Rightness ("Is it right that sweepers cannot get water from the village well?") to all of these causes and found them wrong, un-truthful.

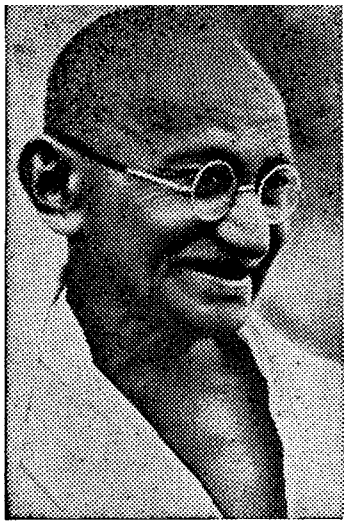
The path of Truth, therefore led to the uplift of Harijans and Tribal people, and to the emancipation of women. How many of our girl readers know that after the efforts of Ram Mohan Roy and the early Christian missions in the last century it was Gandhiji who succeeded in getting for women their full economic and political rights? Women were welcomed to Gandhiji's ashrams as equals, as co-workers. Girls, thirty and forty years ago, braved social taboos to go and work in the ashrams, to wear khadi and sweep the village streets.

There was joy in it for them because not only were they showing the villagers a better way of life through self-support, spinning, co-operation and cottage industries, but also they were expressing their own freedom, and earning a new respect from men.

Gandhiji's programme included also village self-sufficiency through suitable crafts and industries so that they could produce more and trade on equal terms with townsmen.

For modern factories and companies, Gandhiji developed the idea of Trusteeship: those who happen to be rich should think of themselves as Trustees rather than owners of the wealth. Trustees would not allow wasteful expenditure on luxuries, but honest profits were good because they meant efficiency and better management. Gandhiji helped organise the Majoor Mahajan, or Textile Labour Association in Ahmedabad. As you know Ahmedabad is, next to Bombay, the biggest textile manufacturing center in India. There are tens of thousands of workers and dozens of mills. Yet there has not been a strike since 1920 and Ahmedabad textile workers are among the highest paid in the country. This is due to the attitude of the mill managers and labour leaders. Both have acted as trustees of the industry itself. They put the health of the industry and the long run welfare of the workers and shareholders above their own personal interests.

Gandhiji had a simple question—Is it Right? Is this the path of Truth? We can ask that question ourselves, to find what we should do, and we will find that for each of us there is always a Truthful path. It may be some years of village welfare work as a nurse or doctor or agricultural specialist, it may be as a small-industry technician, or as a manager or labour leader, administrator or politician. Walk down that path with Service as your goal, and surely you will be rewarded with a constant sense of satisfaction, of joy. ♣ ♣



GANDHIJI'S DREAM

INDIA LIVES in her seven lakhs of villages —obscure, tiny, out-of-the-way villages, where the population in some cases hardly exceeds a few hundred, very often not even a few score. I would like to go and settle down in some such village. That is real India, my India.

An ideal Indian village will be so constructed as to lend itself to perfect sanitation. It will have cottages with sufficient light and ventilation built of a material obtainable within a radius of five miles of it. The cottages will have courtyards for vegetables and for their cattle. The lanes and streets will be free of all avoidable dust. There will be wells, accessible to all. It will have houses of worship for all, also a common meeting place, a village common for grazing its cattle, a co-operative dairy, primary and secondary schools in which industrial education will be the central fact, and it will have Panchayats for settling disputes. It will produce its own grains, vegetables and fruits, and its own khadi. This is roughly my idea of a model village.

India is made chiefly of villages, but our intelligentsia has neglected them. . . Villages must not copy city life. Today, the cities dominate and drain the villages so that they are crumbling to ruin. My khadi mentality tells me that cities must subserve villages.

The moment you talk to peasants, wisdom drops from their lips. Behind the crude exterior you will find a deep reservoir of spirituality. An age-old culture is hidden under a crust of crudeness. Take away the crust, remove his chronic poverty and his illiteracy and you will find the finest specimen of a cultured, cultivated, free citizen.

We ourselves have got to be ideal villagers but without their queer ideas and ignorance about sanitation. Let us not, like most of them, cook anyhow, eat anyhow, live anyhow. Let us show them the ideal diet, how they can grow their vegetables and their greens without much expense, and how to keep good health. We have to teach them how to economise time, health and money.

Today our villages are dung-heaps. We have to turn them into model villages. Our villagefolk do not get fresh air though they are surrounded by fresh air. They don't get fresh food though they are surrounded by the freshest foods. I am talking like a missionary in this matter of food, because my mission is to make villages a thing of beauty.

The only way is to work in their midst with steadfast faith, as their nurses or servants, not as their patrons, and to forget all our previous prejudices.

Patience and perseverance can overcome mountains of difficulties. We are like nurses who may not leave their patients because they are reported to have an incurable disease.

When our villages are fully developed, there will be no dearth of men with skill and artistic talent. There will be village poets, village artists, village architects, linguists and research workers! In short, there will be nothing in life worth having which will not be had in the village. ♣♣

HAS IT BEEN FULFILLED?

Do you know what has been done to fulfil Gandhiji's dream for the new village? What can we hope for in the future?

ONE OF THE most widespread development schemes in history was the Community Development Programme launched on October 2, 1952. Starting with 55 separate projects each covering 300 villages, Community Development projects have now reached almost the entire countryside. Alongside this technical and economic assistance programme, Panchayati Raj brought basic political decision down to the village level.

Instead of the old Collector-Tahsildar-Patwari system, through which government intructions were passed down from District to Taluk to Village level, we now have Gram Panchayats in the Villages, Block or Taluk Panchayat Samitis at the Taluk level and the Zilla Parishad at the District level. These assemblies really decide how things are to be run within their geographic area. Often an IAS officer will be the Executive Officer of the Zilla Parishad, whose chairman and members include the M.P.s and M.L.A.s from that District. His job is not only to execute the Zilla Parishad's decisions but also to provide the information and reports that will help them plan the development of their district.

Alongside these assemblies are the Co-operative Societies which at each level sell fertilizer, seeds, make loans and often market the farm products.

SUCCESS and Failure

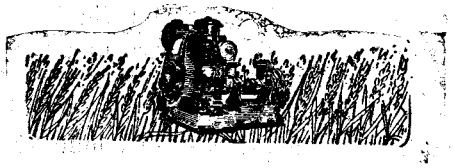
How has Panchayati Raj worked? It has worked stunningly well in places where there was a majority of cultivators of middle size, owning enough land to feed themselves and leave some crop for selling. It has worked badly where the villages consisted only of very small farms or where there were only land-lords and peasants.

It has worked well where the state government concentrated its efforts and money and rapidly provided the two basic necessities — water and power. When the farmer is totally at the mercy of the rains he is afraid to take risks or to plan for himself. Some states have not carried out the CD programme fully, and many states unfortunately tried to do everything at once — agriculture, women's welfare, schools, adult literacy, roads, hospitals and so on. Naturally, water and electricity could not be given so widely in those states and there were many other subjects for the Panchayats to dispute over!

Electric Power sparks Attuppakkam

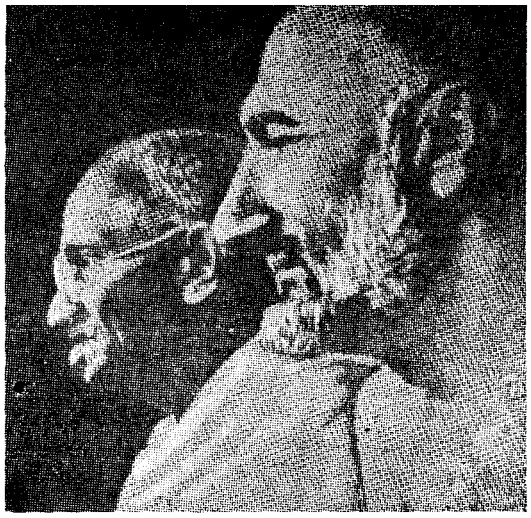
Recently the *Times of India* sent writers to many states to find out how the villages

☞ 13



Saga of The 'Frontier Gandhi'

THE GENTLE PATHAN



IN THIS GANDHI CENTENARY YEAR, the Nehru Award for International Understanding is being presented to Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan. The Frontier Gandhi has not visited India for twenty two years, and few teenagers know the story of this courageous, gentle man.

Now nearly eighty years old, the Khan became nationalist minded during his schooling at Aligarh; he was also greatly influenced by the writings of Maulana Azad, who drew many Muslims into the freedom fight. At Aligarh, to his natural qualities of leadership were added nationalist thinking, a patriotic spirit and a total devotion to his countrymen.

Soon he realised that Gandhiji's idea of a free India based upon self reliant village people was the right answer, and he started to put it into practice in his home province: "Ever since 1920, my one ambition has been to wean the Pathan from his reputed bloodthirstiness and bravery falsely associated with it. The fault of a few Pathans has been attributed to the whole tribe. I want gentleness and honesty to be the common heritage of all Pathans. I want every Pathan to have the highest form of bravery which can only be obtained through prolonged culture and true non-violence."

Ghaffar Khan's followers called themselves the "Khudai Khidmatgars", 'servants of God' through service to the villagers. In 1921, his brother, Dr. Khan Saheb, resigned his commission in the Army and took up village medical work. In 1930 he gave up medicine for politics too. As Gandiji was doing in the southern provinces, the Khan brothers preached non-violence, Swadeshi and village uplift in the North West Frontier Province. Their followers were called 'Red Shirts' because of their working clothes, and the British government imprisoned them for urging the Pathans to non-cooperate with the authorities.

There is an interesting parallel between the Frontier Gandhi's early career and Jawaharlal Nehru's. Like Nehru, Ghaffar Khan persuaded his conservative father to court arrest. Father and sons were all in jail at times.

In 1937 there were elections in British India and the Khan brothers and their Khudai Khidmatgars led the Congress to victory in the Frontier Province. Dr. Khan Saheb became Chief Minister. During the war and after the Quit India movement, of course, Congress leaders were jailed, but in 1946 again Dr. Khan Saheb was Premier of N.W.F.P.

Tragedy was to follow, however, as under the Partition plan accepted by Nehru and Sardar Patel (see SUNSHINE, August '69), Muslim majority provinces would be separated from India. Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan was speechless when this was announced at a meeting of the Congress Working Committee. He appealed to Gandhiji against this 'discarding' of the principle of Hindu-Muslim

unity and Indian nationalism. The Khudai Khidmatgars would be thrown to the tender mercies of the Muslim League which they had bitterly fought for ten years.

But brave men are often crushed under the wheels of history; Independence was too close and the isolation of the N.W.F.P. too great a difficulty. The Viceroy decided that a plebiscite* be held to learn the views of Pathans on joining India or Pakistan. The Frontier Congress demanded that they be given a third alternative—self government for "Pakhtoonistan". When this was refused, the Frontier Congress boycotted the plebiscite; a majority of the Pathans voted to join Pakistan.

The first act of the new Pakistan government was to throw the Khan brothers and hundreds of their followers into jail. After six harsh years in jail, Dr. Khan Saheb was released, only to die shortly after, and Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan was allowed to go into a lonely exile in Afghanistan. ♣♣♣

*Plebiscite—Voting by a people to find out the majority opinion

11 ☞ (Villages Today)

are doing. One visited Attuppakkam (pop: 1000) about 45 miles from Madras. The Panchayat president, who farms 30 acres of wet and dry land, gives credit for the charges to electricity and Panchayati Raj. "There used to be just a group of huts here. In 1958 four of us brought electricity for our pumpsets. The Panchayat Union came into being in 1961. By 1963 the Panchayat installed street lights and power connections were given to houses."

As agricultural production shot up with the availability of more water and inputs, like fertilisers, pesticides and high-yielding variety seeds and modern farm equipment which could be hired from the Panchayat Union, the village income rose. New houses built of brick and wood made their appearance. Now there are lights, fans and radios in houses. People now own only bicycles. They are looking forward to buying scooters.

Still Segregated

The village has nearly 100 families belonging to Mudaliar, Yadava, Palayakar, Kamma Naidu and other casts and 50 families of Harijans. The Harijans live in a separate colony outside the village. All the other communities live together and there is no grouping of houses according to caste.

All the dwellings — 35 *pucca* houses and 136 huts — present clean facades. The houses of the more prosperous villagers line the main street. The most up-to-date building is the one housing the higher elementary school and the hostel for four women teachers. Temporarily, the community radio-set is also installed here. The school house was built by the Panchayat Union.

By 1968, 80% of all villages in Madras were served by electricity, even though Tamilnadu has limited hydro potential and no coal. A network of good roads has made it easier for villagers to move their crops even in the rainy season.

Another village visited by a *Times* writer was only 25 miles from Bhopal. It has a population of about 200 and the 20 families own 10-35 acres of land each. None of the villagers know the name of their M.L.A. or of any political leader at the State capital. There is no electricity connection in the village although transmission towers stride across the landscape nearby.

Tulsiram struggles on

Tulsiram, a small farmer, of Golkhedi, is a lanky figure, who puts his own age between 35 and 40. Sporting a thin moustache, he wears a big turban, a khakhi shirt and a white dhoti. He is not very sure of his arithmetic, but he estimates his income from his 20-odd acres of land at about Rs. 800 to Rs. 900 per year. Tulsiram like many others in the village has a large family to support: wife, four daughters and two sons, the youngest being only 7 months old. ☞ 27

The Lion's many natural advantages made him the 'King of the Beasts'. But rivals and his own easy-going habits may soon make our National Animal a rarity.

WILL THE LION REMAIN KING?

THE LION is one of the strongest and fiercest of wild creatures. Its powerful frame, large head and long mane give it a proud and kingly appearance. It preys on many animals, and its ferocity and roar have made it a terror among them. It is the most magnificent animal of the cat family. Zoologically, it is a relative of the tiger, the leopard, the puma and the lynx, as well as of the friendly domestic cat. The lion and tiger are the largest animals in this group, and actually the tiger is the fiercer of the two.

Lion cubs are called 'whelps'. The lioness usually chooses a spot near a spring to give birth. Sometimes as many as six are born, but usually two or three. Well-fed zoo mothers have more cubs than those that live uncertainly in the forest. Lion cubs come into the world with their eyes fully open. Both parents are devoted to their family. The male helps in taking care of the cubs until they are well-grown. When they are five or six months old, the cubs begin to follow the mother, and sometimes the father, to the hunt.

The largest lions grow 5½ feet high, and more than 9½ feet long, from the nose to the tip of the tail. They may weigh as much as 516 pounds. Most lions are two thirds this size. The tail is about half as long as the body. The male's tail ends in a brush of black hair, in the centre of which is a small horny appendage. This is known as the 'thorn' in the lion's tail. This brush of hair and the mane are features which set the lion apart from other members of the cat family.

Only male lions have a mane. It begins to grow when the animal is three years old. Besides serving to distinguish the male lion, it serves as a shield to protect this 'king of beasts' when fighting. Zoologists have noticed that an animal's neck is the part most under attack from its enemies. In a fight, animals will circle around each other trying to get a bite or a blow at the other's neck.

Terrible Weapons

Lions have terrible weapons in their powerful forelegs (which are about 19 inches around) and in their great feet, which are armed with sharp horny claws. These have been said to strike like a steam hammer. Small victims are killed with a single blow, breaking their neck, or tearing open their throat.

A group of lions is called a 'pride'. They often hunt in prides of four or five, or even up to twenty-three lions. When several lions take part in a slaughter, the adults usually devour the "lion's share of the feast". The young help themselves to whatever remains. When game is scarce, this may result in the slow starvation of many of the younger lions. This is one way the lions' population is kept within the bounds of the food supply.

The lion has an instinct to make its den in some hidden spot. It chooses a dense thicket or patch of reeds, or a group of rocks hidden by thick brushwood, or a cave protected by thorns. It prefers to stay in the plains and in the scrub or thorn forest, and does not wander into heavy forests and jungles.

Despite its size and power—or perhaps because of them—the lion does not normally exert itself much. An eyewitness report comes from George Schaller, an American zoologist, who spent two years closely studying the lions in the Serengeti National Park in Tanzania (E. Africa) at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro. He says that the lion is so sedentary that it will even starve its cubs to death

merely out of laziness to hunt for food among the migrating animals on which it usually feeds. "We followed one particular male for 21 days," Mr. Schaller reports. "During this period, he confined himself to about 75 square miles of the Serengeti Plains and did no hunting. He drank on seven of the 21 days and also ate seven times, either by joining other lions at their kill or by scavenging from hyenas. And, like all lions, he spent about 20 hours each day resting or sleeping."

Research in Gir Sanctuary

The Gir Forest in Junagadh district of Gujarat is the only place, apart from the jungles of East Africa, where lions can be seen in their natural habitat. Unlike the lion shows arranged in African jungles, lions of the Gir Forest are not shut up in cages. But zoologists and animal lovers are perturbed to find that the number of Gir lions has been declining in recent years. A zoological research station is now being set up in the Gir Forest to study the lions and to learn how they can be saved from extinction. This research project is being jointly undertaken by the Bombay Natural History Society, the Smithsonian Institute, Yale University and the Government of Gujarat. A grant of Rs. 475,000 has already been obtained from PL-480 funds.

81 Lions Missing

Statistically speaking, last year's census revealed that 177 lions divided into 70 prides were roaming over an area of 530 square miles in the Gir forset. Lions numbered 60 and lionesses 65; the rest were cubs. This census was the most reliable as, unlike in previous years, a physical count was made in addition to the usual counting of pug marks (foot prints). After taking into account the figures that the Gir authorities knew of the lions that died due to accidents, poisoning and shooting, and of the lions given away to zoos, last year's 'population' was still found to be short by 81.

During the census in Gir last year, the Gujarat Government photographer, Shanker Vyas, 'bagged' this picture when the lion was about to leap on him! He courageously stood his ground and clicked. Later, he was honoured by the government for his courage.

Different reasons are considered probable for this big fall in the Gir population. One reason might be the severe drought which hit the State for two sucessive years. The water-holes in the Gir forest had dried up and the scant supplies which remained might have been contaminated and caused an epidemic.

The heavy vehicular traffic in the forest is another likely cause. Every day about 200 trucks pass through the forest. Measures to restrict the traffic are, therefore, being considered by the State Government. Poaching is strictly prohibited, but illegal hunting is not ruled out as one of the causes for the fall in the number of lions.

Buffalo vs Deer

The 2,200 maldharis and their buffaloes who live in the interior of the Gir forest are not regarded as a direct threat to the lion. "They have lived there for generations and the lions have not only bred by their side but have also enjoyed their love," says the State Forest Minister. Indirectly, of course, the grazing buffaloes are a serious threat. They add to the pressure on the grass and water. Deer and smaller animals have almost disappeared completely. When the lions can

no longer find small game, either they starve or sometimes they attack the buffalo and are attacked in turn by the maldharis. With a view also to improve the economic condition of the maldharis, the Government is considering a scheme to move them from the Gir forest and rehabilitate them at other places near the forest border.

The State Government also plans to develop the Gir forest as a National Park to attract tourists. Already the lion shows earn about Rs 1 lakh every year. Now that the lion has been chosen the National Animal it is symbolic that he should be a self-supporting beast, setting an example to the country! At the Wild Life Council meeting it was stated by the Minister of Tourism, Dr. Karan Singh, and others that looking after Wild Life was not a matter of charity, but a sound and sensible investment for the future.

A QUIZ ON WILD LIFE

Animals live in almost every part of the world. They are found in hot places and cold; deep in the ocean and near the tops of high mountains. In all there are more than 3 million different kinds of animals. Wild Life week is a good occasion for finding out some amazing and interesting facts about some of them.

1. Arrange the following animals in order of their intelligence:
Orangutan, Dog, Gorilla, Horse, Chimpanzee, Monkey, Elephant, Cat, Raccoon, Pig.
2. (i) The biggest animal, the 'blue whale', weighs——— (30, 60, 100) tons.
(ii) The ——— (hydra, earthworm, planarian) can grow a new head if its head is cut off.
3. (i) How deep in the ocean have animals been found? ——— miles.
(ii) How high in the air? ——— miles above sea level.
4. Match the following animals with the correct life-span:

Animal	Life Span (Years)
Crocodile	30
Elephant	100
Lion	40
Tortoise	70
Whale	60
Crow	20

5. Are the following *True* or *False?*
(i) Porcupines shoot their quills when angry.
(ii) Nightingales sing only at night.
(iii) Rattlesnakes sound a warning rattle before striking.
(iv) A single leap of the kangaroo can cover 25 feet.
(v) When the llama is annoyed it spits.
6. Animals often use parts of their bodies much as man uses tools. Which part of the boy is used by
(i) the beaver to help him cut down trees?
(ii) the mole to dig into the ground?
(iii) the musk-ox to fight its enemies?
7. The fastest animal
(i) on the ground, the ——— (greyhound, gazelle, cheetah) moves at a speed of 70 m.p.h.
(ii) in the water, the ——— (wahoo, squid, flying fish) at 70 m.p.h.
(iii) in the air, the ——— (duck hawk, swallow, swift) at 200 m.p.h.
8. (i) What is the world's largest living bird?
(ii) Why doesn't a bird fall from its perch when it is asleep?

Send your answers to these questions with your name and address. Names of all those who score more than 60% marks will be published, along with all the answers, in the next issue. Last Date: October 20.

Name: ..... Age: .....
School: .....
Home Address: .....
.....

OLIVER TWIST

The story of an orphan who was reared in a workhouse and who later fell among thieves was written when Charles Dickens was only twenty five years old. Dickens' own father was always in debt, and while still only thirteen or fourteen, he went to work in a godown (warehouse). At seventeen, he taught himself shorthand and two years later found a job as a newspaper reporter.

His early life in the depths of the city, and his observations as a reporter made him resolve to shatter the self-satisfaction of the English middle classes and force them to see how their society actually worked. His essential kindness, however, enabled him to create gentle characters such as we find in the *Pickwick Papers*, as well as the cruel officials and ruffians who maltreat Oliver.

***Oliver Twist*, therefore, is only on the surface about Oliver. It is full of everyday people who reveal to us human nature in its heights of generosity as well as in its depths of cruelty and all the range in between.**

Picture on this page (and the adjoining page) are from the film 'OLIVER!' adapted from the famous musical by Lionel Bart, and based on the book.

BEGINNING OUR NEW SERIAL BY CHARLES DICKENS . . .

OLIVER!

A DOCTOR SAT by the side of the bed in a poorly furnished workhouse room. Near him stood an aged woman pauper, holding in her thin arms a new-born child which was crying loudly.

The torn blanket, which was carelessly thrown over the bed, moved. The pale face of a young woman was raised weakly from the pillow.

"Let me see the child and die," she said in a faint voice.

"Oh, you must not talk about dying yet," the doctor said kindly.

"God bless her, no!" added the old pauper, who was acting as nurse. "When she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all of them dead except two, and they in the workhouse with me, she'll know better than to speak in that way."

The young mother shook her head and stretched out her hand towards the child. The nurse placed it in her arms. She pressed her cold white lips on its forehead, passed her hands over its face, looked wildly round, fell back—and died.

"It's all over!" said the doctor.

"Ah, poor dear, so it is!" the old woman answered as she stooped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

"She was a good-looking girl too," the doctor said, putting on his hat. "Where did she come from?"

"She was brought here last night," replied the nurse. "She was found lying in the street. She had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces. But where she came from or where she was going to, nobody knows."

"And probably nobody ever will," said the doctor, shaking his head.

He walked away to dinner. The old pauper sat down on a low chair and began to dress the baby. She removed the blanket,

which was his only covering and in which no one could tell whether he was the child of a nobleman or of a beggar. In its place she put on the old cotton robes which had grown yellow in the same service. In these all could tell his rank — a pauper child, the orphan of a workhouse, humble and half-starved, to be beaten through the world, despised by all and pitied by none.

* * *

The child was sent to an institution some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other poor orphans and foundlings were under the charge of an elderly widow, Mrs. Mann by name. She received from the Government a few pence weekly to feed each child. But the greater part of this small sum she kept for herself, and gave the children in her care hardly enough to keep them alive.

Brought up in this way, it is not surprising that the baby grew weak in body. His ninth birthday found him a pale child, somewhat short and very thin. But nature had planted a brave spirit in his heart. Perhaps it was because of this that he had succeeded in living for nine years. He was keeping his birthday in the coal-cellar with two other boys.

In her sitting-room Mrs Mann was receiving a visit from Mr. Bumble, a workhouse official.

"I have come on business," he was saying. "The child that was named Oliver Twist is nine years old today."

"Bless his dear heart!" said Mrs. Mann insincerely.

"And in spite of a reward of ten pounds," Bumble continued, "we have never been able to discover who is his father or what was his mother's name and condition."

"How came he to have any name at all then?" asked Mrs. Mann.

"I invented it," said the official with great pride.

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name such children in alphabetical order. The last was an S — Swubble I named him. This was a T — Twist I named **him**. The next one which comes will be Unwin. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet and all the way through it again when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite an author, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the official, evidently pleased. "Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann. Perhaps, I may be. But to business. Oliver is now too old to remain here, and we have decided to have him back in the workhouse. I have come myself to take him there, so let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," Mrs. Mann said, and left the room for that purpose. She took Oliver from the cellar, washed his face and hands quickly, and led him into the presence of Mr. Bumble.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," she said.

"Will you come with me, Oliver?" asked Mr. Bumble.

Oliver was about to answer that he would go with anybody very willingly when, looking upward, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann. She was standing behind the official's chair and was shaking her fist at Oliver with an angry face. The child understood at once.

"I don't want to leave Mrs. Mann," he said. "Can she come with me?"

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble. "But she'll come and see you sometimes."

This was no great comfort to the child. But young as he was, he had sense enough to pretend that he was sorry to leave. It was not very difficult for the boy to call tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-treatment are great helpers if you want to cry, and Oliver cried very naturally. Mrs. Mann gave him many kisses and, what Oliver wanted more, a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the work-house.

☞ 44

What's It Like Being

Princess Anne?

EVERYBODY knows that Prince Charles has never let his hair down in public—that the awesome knowledge that he will one day inherit the throne has made him a serious and well-disciplined young man. But no such inhibitions exist for Princess Anne. She is a gay, mischievous and light-hearted girl.

The number of her escapades are many. While in boarding school she started a fad of wearing the cape of the school uniform wrong side out—until the authorities put an end to it. She was the first out the window for a climb to the roof one moonlit night. The girls sat up there, playing records and talking, until the matron came panting up the steps and put an end to the impromptu party.

Prince Charles and Princess Anne are lively and energetic youngsters. To enable them to entertain guests their own age, the Queen gave them their own sitting room on the third floor of Buckingham Palace and turned over one of the rooms in the Queen's Tower at Windsor Castle into a teenage "rumpus room". The room is equipped with lounging furniture in modern style, a television set, hi-fi and stereo equipment—and fitted with a sound-proof ceiling so that the noise does not penetrate upwards into the Queen's own apartment!

Because of her sometimes tomboyish behaviour, Prince Charles affectionately calls his sister "Annie Get Your Gun". Once, a friend of Princess Anne asked her why Prince Charles wore his hair long "like the beatles". The Princess tartly replied, "It's the Beatles who wear their hair like Charles."

Now that Princess Anne is 19, it is natural that she start going out with boys. There is no question of her escort picking her up at

the Palace and taking her back there afterwards. Instead, Anne is chauffeur-driven to a dance in one of the Queen's cars and meets her escort on arrival there. Again, at the end of the evening she is driven home—alone. On a few occasions the Princess is allowed to go to a restaurant with an escort without the usual accompaniment of the four or five friends. The escort is usually a friend of the family's. While he collects Anne in his own car and returns her to the Palace the same way —the royal detective must sit in the back seat!

On one occasion Guy Nevill—the son of Lord Rupert Nevill—invited Princess Anne to dinner. The detective was at a nearby table, too, while Anne and Guy dined by candlelight on chicken and ice cream (Anne's

choice) with a single glass of champagne each. He was again in the car as the young people drove back to Buckingham Palace.

One of the problems Princess Anne faces in her social life is quite how to behave. After all she is an energetic and vivacious teenager and likes to enjoy herself. On the other hand she must never forget that she is daughter of Queen Elizabeth II and will, one day, become Princess Royal. She finds her task even more difficult because her friends and escorts find it impossible to be entirely natural in her presence. Either they are tongue-tied with nervousness or informal to the point of being brash. To Anne, one extreme is as bad as the other.

Princess Anne has a sense of humour which, people say, she has inherited from her father. Once a bunch of teenagers were discussing a certain radio disc jockey (the man who comments on pop records while playing them). "He's as dreary as a cup of cold tea," was Anne's remark.

While in many ways, Anne is "Daddy's Girl" she has inherited one off-beat talent from her mother: she is an excellent mimic. Anne has the members of her family in stitches when she performs her witty impersonations of public figures. She can do a devastating imitation of her aunt, Princess Margaret, which brings roars of laughter from the rest of the family. Once Princess Margaret got her own back on her niece by walking into the drawing room, brandishing a riding crop, and crying: "My kingdom for a horse!"

It is a well known fact that Princess Anne adored her father so greatly that people considered it a 'father fixation'. At one time it was by no means unknown for her to give way to a tantrum when she felt that her father was not paying her adequate attention. Now, of course, while the relationship with the father is still close, it is better adjusted and more mature.

Any young man who compares unfavourably with her tall, athletic father stands little chance with Anne. "He doesn't stand up straight like Daddy does, and you can hardly hear a word he is saying," was her summing-up of one young man whom she met recently. An affectionate teasing goes on between father and daughter. He calls her "my square-eyed daughter" because she watches TV so much and she says, "See you later, aviator," when she is saying goodbye to him!

Unlike Aunt Margo, Anne (seen here with Prince Charles) enjoys the duties of a princess.

Fashion-wise, there are two Princess Annes. There is Princess Anne, dutifully wearing the royal tradition of pastel blue, pink, apple-green and beige. And there is Anne Windsor, the slick, royal chick, whose wardrobe zings with the young styles of swinging London . . . bell-bottom trousers and tight jeans, peaked caps and chain belts, ribbed stockings, white stockings, striped shirtwaisters and jazzy sweaters.

Anne's favourite relative these days is Princess Margaret, whom she affectionately addresses as "Aunt Margo". She frequently pops round to Margaret's apartment in Kensington Palace for afternoon tea and a chat.

Now that she is 19, Princess Anne will soon be moving into public life. Unlike her cousins, she has not the slightest desire to break away from the royal round. She is quite content to remain what she was destined to be by birth—a professional princess carrying out public duties.

TEST YOUR LANGUAGE SKILL

How good is your reading skill and comprehension? Time yourself as you read the essay once carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DID YOU know that the Teddy Bear was an American fad started in 1902? It was inspired by a Washington cartoon, showing President Roosevelt refusing to shoot a bear cub; his friends had brought it to him as a consolation for being unable to shoot a single bear in their bear-hunt.

Theodore Roosevelt, besides being the youngest man to become the President of the U.S.A. was also one of the most dynamic personalities in U.S. Politics. He was an avid reader, a sportsman, a mountain climber, an explorer and naturalist, a cowboy, a police commissioner, a soldier, an author, a social reformer and a very shrewd politician. All this while he was overcoming asthma, family tragedy, a blind eye, political defeat and a bullet in the chest!

Theodore Roosevelt was born on October 28, 1858. His early life was one of ease and comfort and even travel abroad; but his health was always poor. When he was only 12, his father suggested that he work hard to rid himself of asthma. He started on a strenuous course of exercises and sports, and even learnt boxing. He eventually came second in his college light-weight boxing championship! In 1876, he joined Harvard College, where at first he was not too popular because of his excessive interest in *zoology*.

When Ted decided to go into government, he met a great deal of opposition from his family and his friends. In those days, a 'gentleman' only entered the election for governor or senator. After a great deal of persuasion, he was allowed to stand for election for the New York State Assembly in 1881. He was elected. By 1884, after rising to his party's leadership in his state, Roosevelt quarrelled with his Party Bosses over the Republican Party's Presidential candidate.

At the same time double tragedy struck. His wife died two days after giving birth to a daughter, Alice, and, his mother also had just died of typhoid. Roosevelt was stunned. He retired from public life to his cattle ranch. The free exhilarating life of a cowboy suited him very well; and finally rid him of asthma and built up his frail body.

In December 1886 he married Edith Carow, a childhood friend. From 1888 he served with distinction as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner of New York and then as Assistant Secretary to the Navy.

In 1898, war broke out between Spain and the U.S. over Cuba. Roosevelt raised and trained 600 cowboys, collegians, policemen and polo-players to form the famous 'Rough Riders' regiment which covered itself with glory. He returned a popular war-hero and was elected Governor of New York.

Teddy Roosevelt was very popular with all his constituents, except the big businessmen. He was nominated as Vice-President. Though he was not very keen, he was eventually forced to agree. Six months after Roosevelt was inaugurated as Vice-President, President McKinley was assassinated and Theodore Roosevelt, 42, became President of the United States.

Roosevelt was President from 1901 to 1909, a time highlighted by many events; all of which took place because of his insistance on doing 'right'. He dealt firmly with corruption in government. Laws were passed to prevent monopolies and increase competition. He was able to control the very large banks and the big steel, coal, railway and oil companies which were driving the smaller ones out of business. He usually took the side of the working men especially in a national coal-miners' strike. He started work on the construction of the Panama Canal and successfully intervened in several thorny international disputes. Perhaps Roosevelt's wisest act was his crusade for the conservation of natural resources, especially forest and minerals. Generations of Americans have lived to thank him for this.

It had been said of Teddy Roosevelt and his family that "no other family enjoyed the White House more". The four boys found the lift ideal for taking their pony to "see our rooms", the halls for cycling, roller-skating, etc., and the cook's huge baking trays for sliding down the stairs! Once when a visitor asked the President if he could not do anything about his daughter, Alice, Roosevelt replied, "I can be President of the United States or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both."

At the end of his term as President, Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, left for Africa on a year-long safari. The huge expedition collected 11,000 species which even today are considered the most complete collection of East African natural life.

On his return to America, Roosevelt disagreed so much with his successors and his party's policies that he and his followers formed a new national political party, and he campaigned for the presidency again. On October 14, 1912, a fanatic tried to shoot him. The bullet was deflected by his spectacle-case.

In spite of his wound he finished his speech, but the third candidate won the election. Roosevelt never again held public office but he was still busy writing. Barred from military service, he sent his four sons to fight in World War I. Only two returned. He died, aged 61, in January 1919.

A. *Are the following statements True or False?*

(i) The 'Rough Riders' regiment consisted of cowboys.
(ii) 'Politics' was Roosevelt's sole interest throughout his life.

Roosevelt standing beside one of the thirteen rhinoceroses he killed during the Roosevelt-Smithsonian Institution expedition in East Africa.

(iii) Roosevelt fought asthma by strenuous exercise.

B. *Is something wrong with the sentences given below? If so, re-write them correctly.*

(i) In those days gentleman did not enter Government except as Governor or Senator.

(ii) Laws passed to control big business in order encourage small companies.

(iii) Americans today thank him for the conservation of natural resources.

C. *Fill in the blanks.*

(i) Theodore Roosevelt ..... the 26th and youngest President ..... the U.S.

(ii) Vitality ..... a characteristic of Roosevelt ..... had a wide range of interests.

(iii) Roosevelt ..... President .....William McKinley was assassinated.

(Answers on p. 46)

If you got the correct answers, your comprehension quotient is O.K. Now check the timing. How many minutes did you take?

10-12—Excellent. You certainly do a lot of reading and must continue to do so if you want to rank in the top grade always.

12-15—You're about average. You can still improve your reading skill.

15-20—What else were you thinking of? You must learn to concentrate on one thing at a time.

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER EXERCISE

How Did Dr. Khanna Know?

Answers: 1. for 2. heard 3. killed 4. did 5. about 6. spoke 7. there 8. there 9. saw 10. charge.

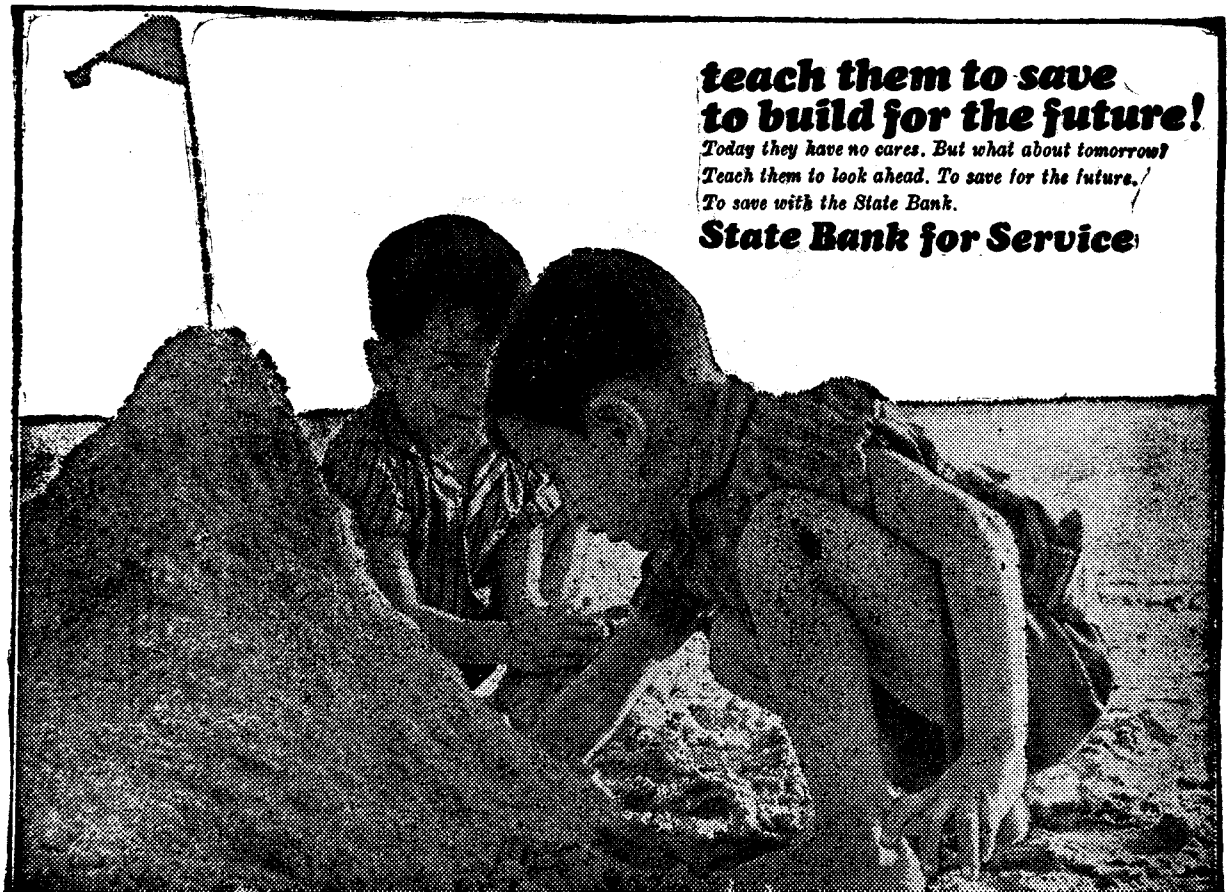
Mystery Solution: If Ravi had answered Bhagat's phone-call, he would have known the charge for dry-cleaning shirts and would not have had to look them up.

The following were the first to send the correct mystery solution and answers:

1. *Geraldine Peck,* Bombay. 2. *M. Shalini Kini,* Madras. 3. *T. Vijayaraghavan,* Coimbatore. 4. *Sumant Khanna,* New Delhi. 5. *Jagdeep Fozdar,* Baroda. 6. *R. Thareja,* Poona. 7. *R. Nath,* Bombay. 8. *C. Nadira,* Canannore.

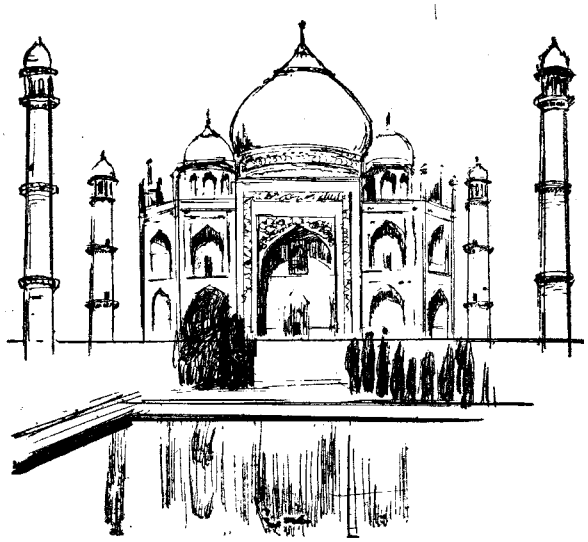
The following sent only the correct mystery solution:

1. *Manohar Kamath,* Bombay. 2. *Himanshu Mehtaji,* Madras. 3. *Zarina Soonawalla,* Panchgani. 4. *G. Raghuram,* Secunderabad. 5. *U. Seshasai,* Secunderabad. 6. *M. Radia,* Porbander. 7. *S. Nandwani,* Jamshedpur.


teach them to save
to build for the future!
Today they have no cares. But what about tomorrow?
Teach them to look ahead. To save for the future.
To save with the State Bank.
State Bank for Service

Writing in 1836, *a traveller describes his first visit to the*

Taj Mahal



WE THEN WENT ON sixteen miles to Agra and, when about six miles out of the city, the dome and minarets of the Taj opened upon us from behind a small grove of fruit-trees. The morning was not clear, but it was a good one for a first sight of this building, which appeared larger through the dusky haze than it would have done through a clear sky.

For five-and-twenty years of my life had I been looking forward to the sight now before me. Of no structure on earth had I heard so much as of this, which contains the remains of the Emperor Shah Jehan and his wife. We had been allowed to pitch our tents in the gardens of this splendid mausoleum that we might have our fill of it. Truly I can say that everything surpassed my wildest expectations.

At first I thought the dome formed too large a portion of the whole building, that its neck was too long and too much exposed, and that the minarets were too plain in their design. But after seeing the mausoleum at different times of the day and from every conceivable angle, the mind seemed to repose in the calm persuasion that there was an entire harmony of parts, a faultless concert of architectural beauties, on which it could dwell for hours without fatigue.

After my years of anticipated pleasure I expected that by and by I must come to something that would disappoint me. But, no, the emotion one feels never dims, it goes on increasing from the first sight of the dome in the distance to the minute inspection of the last flower upon the screen round the tomb. One returns again and again to it with undiminished pleasure and one leaves it with a feeling of regret that one cannot have it all his life within his reach.

The Emperor and his Queen lie buried side by side in a vault beneath the building, to which we descend by a flight of steps. Their remains are covered by two slabs of marble; and directly over these slabs, upon the floor above, in the great centre room under the dome, stand two other slabs of the same marble, exquisitely worked in mosaic. Upon that of the Queen, amid wreaths of flowers, are worked in black letters passages from the Koran. On the slab over her husband, there are no passages from the Koran—merely mosaic work of flowers, with his name and the date of his death.

I asked some of the learned Muhammadan attendants the cause of this difference, and was told that Shah Jehan had himself designed the slab over his wife, and saw no harm in insribing the *words of God* upon it; but that the slab over himself was designed by his more pious son, Aurangzeb, who did not think it right to place these holy words upon a stone, which the foot of man might some day touch.

The building stands upon the north side of a large quadrangle, looking down into

the clear blue stream of the river Jumna, while the other three sides are enclosed with a high wall of red sandstone. The mausoleum itself, the terrace upon which it stands, and the minarets, are all formed of the finest white marble, inlaid with precious stones. The wall around the quadrangle is made of red sandstone, with cupolas and pillars of the same white marble. The marble was all brought from the Jaipur territories upon wheeled carriages; and the sandstone from Dholpur and Fattehpur Sikri. Shah Jehan is said to have inherited his partiality for this colour from his grand-father, Akbar, who constructed almost all his buildings of the same stone.

13 ☞ (Villages Today)

Just beyond the village, however, are rich fields belonging to the owners of two wells. They charge Rs. 35 per day, or 50 per cent share in the crop, from anyone who wants to use their diesel pumpset. Not surprisingly, the majority of the farmers prefer to depend on rain.

Located on uneven ground, the houses are scattered at random. The huts are small, low-roofed and the interior divided into one or two rooms. Nonetheless, though public hygiene, drainage, etc., are unheard of, the insides of the individual houses are kept remarkably clean.

Of India's 570,000 villages less than one fourth have a reliable, clean drinking water supply today. One of the goals of the Gandhi Centenary Year was to provide water in every village. It has been estimated that over half the remaining villages need only to have simple wells drilled or deepened to provide water; but until recently well-drilling 'rigs' were imported from abroad mainly by foreign charitable agencies. Now these rigs are made in India too.

Village self government, Panchayati Raj, is the heart of India's Commnity Development Programme. With the lively interest of the village "people-politicians" comes progress and plenty.

heroe'Si-113
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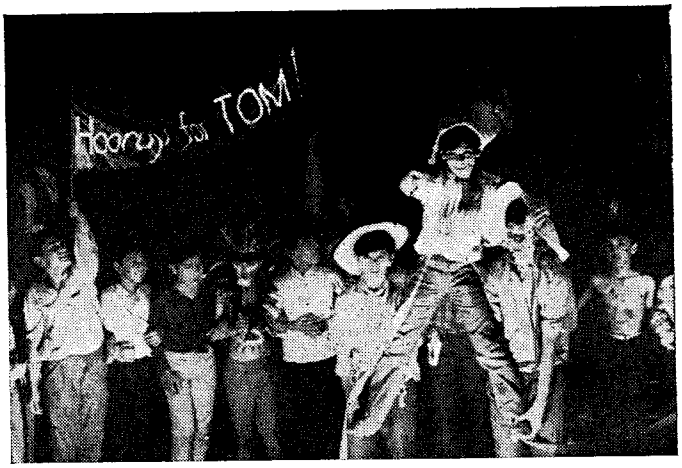
WHAT'S IN A PLAY?



Why do people see plays? Why do they act in them? Read this example of a school-play and find out how it is done . . .

SINCE time immemorial schools all over the world have been putting on plays as a pleasant way of instructing children in diction, acquiring poise and confidence and developing a fuller and a more well-rounded personality. Not only does the play introduce the child to literature (he reads plays by Shakespeare, Shaw, Chekhov, Sartre, etc.) but the teenager learns co-operation and team-spirit while discovering the joys of camaraderie!

While in Bombay last month we heard that Pearl Padamsee was rehearsing her latest play: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" as a musical with a cast of 80 boys, being put on by Campion School. We went over to the rehearsal hall to take a look at what was happening.

While we watched rehearsal on a Sunday afternoon, everything was at sixes and sevens. Mrs. Padamsee was in a temper. Aunt Polly (Navjeet Singh) was at home — sick in bed. Stage mothers were hovering at the door watching to see "if their poor darlings were not getting hurt" and, greatest misfortune of all, the lady who played the accompaniment was missing!

"Rehearsals are always like this," Mrs. Padamsee told me afterwards, "but on First Night everything falls into place." When we went to see the final show, indeed, the major flaws and discrepancies had disappeared and the show was a rare entertainment treat.

It is very easy for us to go into a theatre and watch a play like this. But if we think a little we will realize that what looked so effortless and dazzling on the stage required months of painstaking work. Mrs. Padamsee told me that she went into rehearsals for "Tom Sawyer" in May — three months before the play was performed. Major roles were auditioned for and actors best suited to their roles were selected. The entire music, sung and performed in the play, had to be gone over dozens of times with the music director. Actors had to be rehearsed and re-rehearsed in private and on the sets. The dances had to be directed by an expert and rehearsed endless times. Every movement on the stage was pre-planned and marked out on the stage in chalk. One person's sole duty was to design and oversee the tailoring of costumes. You can see what a gigantic task this became when eighty costumes were involved! Another person was solely in charge of stage lighting — which has become a complex art in itself. Then when you consider the creation of the sets (it was done by the set director), the selection of the music, and the adaptation of a script (which had already been written) you begin to realize that producing and directing a play is no game but a back- breaking job.

For your own play you will need a director who is understanding yet firm — someone who not only gets along with people but is able to get work out of them. Then you need someone in charge of sets.

☞ 32

Picture above: A scene from the play 'Tom Sawyer' put on by Campion School and directed by Pearl Padamsee.

We are all shy sometimes . . . but we must overcome this weakness with determination and courage . . .

SHY BOY

JAIDEEP was trying hard to concentrate on the Zoology volume lying open before him, but again and again his thoughts turned to the day's activities. He remembered the talk he had with Dinker in the library. Why was Dinker so annoyed? After all, it was not his fault that Dinker was so shy and could not get into any of the activities at college. How much he had tried to get Dinker interested in the Debating and Historical Societies!

"Dinker, you must involve yourself in some activity outside just studies," Jaideep had said to him. "You are much too shy . . . you must get over this shyness . . . after all, we can't be the friends we were in school. Don't you see this is college. We are here to broaden our horizons . . . "

"Ah! I see. Now that you are such a busy man, you have no time for your old friend. OK, I go," and he lifted his books off the library table and walked out of the room.

The rest of the day Jaideep was troubled. He felt alternately guilty and irritated; guilty because he knew he was neglecting his old pal and irritated because Dinker didn't want to join in all the activities open to them.

He was awakened from his reverie by the entrance of his little sister Sumi, who came right up to him, and said, "Bhaiya, telephone."

"Not sleeping yet, you little imp?" he said, giving her hair an affectionate ruffle. He got up and went to the telephone.

"Hello, Jaideep? This is Mrs. Sethi."

"Oh," said Jaideep vaguely, "Hello."

"Jaideep, you remember you gave a publicity release to the newspapers when I was putting on my Fete in aid of the Koyna Relief Fund? Well, I am putting on a play now . . . "Shakuntala" in aid of the blind school. Will you come to rehearsals on Saturday and write up a nice news release?"

"What time on Saturday?" asked Jaideep. "I have a meeting with the Principal about the college paper at three and then I am going roller skating with a friend."

"At five o'clock. Rehearsal will begin at six o'clock . . ."

"Is it all right if I come at six?" asked Jaideep.

"Yes, that will do," said Mrs. Sethi "Thank you so much!"

'That was not a very good idea,' Jaideep thought to himself as he went back to his room. 'Now I won't have much time left to write that English essay for tutorials on Monday.'

* * *

The next morning Jaideep had to help get breakfast ready as his mother had had to go to Nasik rather suddenly. He found his father in the kitchen already.

"I'm sorry, I am late, Dad." He was more used to helping in the kitchen than his father was and usually took over when his mother was away.

"Well, Son, I wouldn't mind sparing you such work if I knew you were concentrating on your studies. I want you to get a First Class and get into Medical College . . ."

"And be a doctor like you, Father?" grinned Jaideep.

"Will you take a part in our play?" Sarla pleaded with Dinker.

"What's wrong with that?"

"There's not much money in it, Dad!"

"You'll discover, one day, Son, there is more satisfaction in service and getting a job well done . . ."

* * *

Jaideep was walking to college when a scooter slowed down next to him. It was Dinker.

"Hop on, old pal!" said Dinker.

As quick as lightning Jaideep was on the seat behind Dinker. Soon they were speeding along the road.

"Jai," said Dinker. "I have been thinking quite a lot of what you said to me the other day. I realize that my attitude is all wrong. From today, I have vowed to myself, to be more outgoing and sociable!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Jaideep. "That's more like it!" And they drove to the college grounds amid much chatter — deciding the things they would do during the next few days.

At the curb they noticed a cluster of girls talking excitedly. As they dismounted, one of the girls, Sarla Sethi, disengaged herself from the group and walked towards them. She looked straight at Jaideep.

"Hello, Jai," she said softly. "Mother told me that you are going to preview our play for the press."

Jaideep gulped. "Yes," he managed to bring out. "Your mother was quite determined — I could hardly get of it."

"Look, Jaideep," said Sarla. "We are in a desperate state . . . will you take on a walk-on part? No lines!"

"No, no, no, no!" said Jaideep. "No acting for me, please! I am the world's lousiest actor. Look, why don't you get Dinker here . . . he is tall and handsome!"

Sarla immediately turned to Dinker who had turned crimson with embarrassment and shyness. When Sarla pressed him he mumbled something about "thinking about it." And that is how matters stood.

* * *

Early on Saturday morning Jaideep was awakened by a tickling sensation in his toes. Looking up, he spotted the twinkling and mischievous eyes of Sumi. Her hair was in pig-tails and she was wearing a pink frock.

"Mummy has come back from Nasik and she has made your favourite *Masala Dosa* for you!" she shouted. "I have already had mine!"

"I'm not getting out of bed," said Jaideep sulkily. Sumi came near.

"Why?" she asked.

"Unless Sumi gives me a kiss."

Sumi did so — a rather sticky and messy one. Jaideep dressed and went downstairs.

"How is Granny?" he asked at once.

"She is much better, but I am so glad I went."

After breakfast he had quite an animated chat with his mother (they were good friends) and his mother warned him that he was trying to do too much.

"You must cut down extra-curricular activities, Son," she said. "Your studies come first."

"I'll try, Mother," he said. He took his books and was out the door.

The day was a happy and busy one. First

he attended several exciting classes (there was a holiday mood on because it was Saturday) and then he had lunch with Dinker and a few others in the college underground cafeteria. After that he and the other staff members of *The Collegian* met with the the Principal and decided the editorial policy and highlights for the next two months. After that he went roller-skating with Dinker and Jagdeep.

It was when Jaideep, Dinker and Jagdeep were skating three abreast that the accident occurred. Jaideep, who was last in the line of three, suddenly skidded, fell, turned a somersault and cut his head badly on the tin edge of the rink enclosure. He was bleeding so badly that he had to be put immediately into a taxi and taken to a hospital.

"Take me to Nehru Hospital," Jaideep muttered before he passed out.

"That's his father's hospital," said Dinker, holding his head which they had bandaged temporarily with handkerchiefs. Dinker had phoned Jaideep's father to say that they were coming and as they drove into the entrance of the hospital they found Doctor Manmohan Krishan waiting for them. Jaideep was taken immediately to the emergency ward.

The next day Jaideep learned more about hospital living than he had ever known before, in spite of being a doctor's son. He also learned that coping with pain can be very exhausting. During the day he watched the doctors and nurses at their work. The surgeon visited him once—his father twice. He took an interest in every patient in his ward. Some were brave. Some were weak. Some cried loudly with pain. Others took their injections and medicine with grim-faced silence.

When his father came the third time, Jaideep told him how he had missed his appointment with Mrs. Sethi.

"I'm sure Mother must have phoned her, but I'll make sure," his father said. "Don't worry about it."

* * *

Sunday found father, mother and Sumi seated around Jaideep who was propped up against pillows. While they were chatting and laughing, the nurse peeped in.

"There is a boy outside," she said. "Dinker Joshi—shall I bring him in?"

Jaideep smiled. "Yes, please do!"

The nurse disappeared and after a moment Dinker entered the room. There were exclamations of delight when he came in. Doctor Krishan patted the boy on the shoulder and asked him how he was.

"Sorry, Jai," Dinker said. "I have not brought anything for you."

"That is all right," Jaideep said.

"But I do have some good news for you. . ."

"What is it?" asked Jaideep

"I did the preview of 'Shakuntala' for you . . . here is the paper where it has appeared," saying which he produced the latest edition of the local paper.

"Bravo!" said Jaideep with all the enthusiasm he could muster in his bandaged state. "That's wonderful!"

"And I told Mrs. Sethi that I would accept the small part in her play!"

This time Jaideep was quite speechless.

"And I thought that Dinker was a shy boy," said Mrs. Krishan.

"Not any more," chuckled Jaideep. "Not any more."

---

29 ☞ (What's in a Play?)

Not only will he need to get proper backgrounds for your play but he will have to know every detail of the action. He will need to see that every prop and accessory is in its place at the proper time. You will need a bunch of actors who are enthusiastic and prepared to come to rehearsals on time. You will need a costume-director who has taste and a knowledge of costumes. You will need someone to manipulate the lights. Besides these vital persons, you will need many helpers like a prompter, stage-hands to lift furniture and change scenery. And, naturally, you will need a budget to pay for all this. Interested in accepting this difficult and complex challenge? We suggest that you begin on a modest scale.

Puzzles and Pastimes

Fun With Figures

Crypt-arithmetic is one branch of mathematics that has no formula for finding the solution. You must work such problems by guessing and trial and error.

The unknowns in this multiplication are in each blank one of the three number 3, 4, 9. Fill in the blanks and send us your answers mentioning your Sr. Number. Names of the first ten senders of the correct answers will be published with the solution next month.

1.

```
      - - -
        - -
  ---------
    - - - 7
  1 - 7 -
  ---------
  1 - 2 2 7
  ---------
```

2.

```
      - - -
        - -
  ---------
    1 - 7 -
  - - - 7
  ---------
  - 5 8 4 -
  ---------
```

Take Away One

Ask a friend: "How can you have four, take away one, and get five?"

Finally when he gives up, take a piece of paper. Call attention to the four corners. Cut off one corner. Now there are five corners!

Anagrams in Space

Take All the letters of each pair of words. Move them about to make a new word. The answers to the five anagrams below are all 'Space Age' words.

1. LITTLE + SEA = _____
2. TAMPER + HOSE = _____
3. TREK + CO = _____
4. ROB + IT = _____
5. ALP + TEN = _____

(Answers on p. 39)

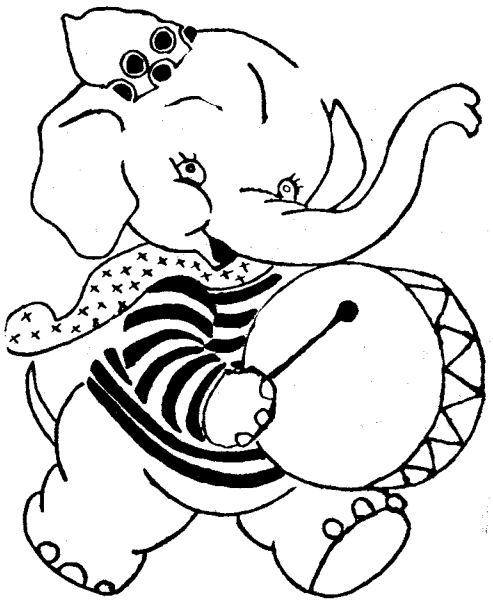
Sounds Impossible?

Can you figure out how to do these tricks? There is a catch to each one. Try them on your friends. See if they can figure any of them out before you show them the impossible.

1. Bite one inch off from the end of a ruler.
2. Jump across the room.
3. Stand three inches away from a person without his being able to touch you.
4. Touch a book inside and out without opening it.
5. Leave the room with two legs and come back with six.

To see how they can be done see page 45

Paint a Motif

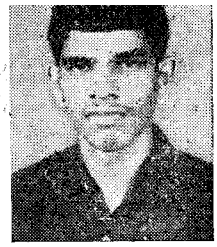


With fabric-painting much in vogue, you too can try your hand at it. Paint this gay little motif on the garment of your little nephew or niece, brother or sister. To delight the little one use bright colours.

SUNSHINE Readers Make It BIG!

Ajit

Tanuja



Shambu

WE are always happy to hear about the successes of our readers in cooperating schools. SUNSHINE's stress on General Knowledge, Social Studies and English seems to have paid off for three of our regular readers in *ModelEnglish High School,* Margao, Goa. *Tanuja Kamat* won the Maharashtra SSC Board's First Prize in Social Studies, and the Kashibai Dharia Scholarship. Tanuja is an all-rounder; she got distinctions in three other subjects and is considered an accomplished danseuse. We know we'll hear more about her.

Her classmate, *Shamba Naik Tuenker,* got just a single mark less and had to accept the Board's Second Prize. He reads newspapers and magazines avidly and says he hasn't missed a copy of Sunshine in five years. Shambu's family are farmers but he is going to study law. With his interest in current affairs, maybe SUNSHINE will one day have a friend in politics.

But the result we were happiest about was *Ajit Kurade*'s. Ajit, who bicycled 8 miles each way to school every day, and who uses only Konkani at home, secured a distinction in all his papers, including especially Higher Level English. Since the Ninth Standard he has used SUNSHINE to improve his English. Those extra marks in English enabled him to stand first overall in Goa and 12th in Maharashtra. Ajit wants to be a Chemical Engineer, and he likes to relax with Hindi pictures and Marathi novels.

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By You

Young Writers' Section

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

Contributions should not exceed 500 words. Your teacher should certify that it is your own work; if not entirely your own work, please say (for our information only) where you got your idea from.
Mention your Name, Age and School.
Drawings must be in BLACK ink. Photographs (independent, or illustrating your article) should be very clear, on glossy paper.
Outstanding work will be considered for a prize.
No replies can be sent, nor contributions returned, unless sufficient postage is enclosed. Unclaimed contributions will be destroyed after 3 months.
Send to: BY YOU, Sunshine, Poona-1, Maharashtra State.

First Prize Winner
April Contest

My Favourite Sportsman

THE morning of 27th February, 1967 dawned bright and clear. It was the day the Ranji Trophy holders, Bombay, were to meet Mysore. I was one of hundreds of thousands of eager, but by no means silent, spectators. I was sure that it was going to be an interesting match. The day promised exciting cricket.

Nothing worth mentioning happened until Ajit Wadekar, who had made headlines during the West Indies tour of India, entered the popping crease—a picture of grace and confidence. He had humbled many a bowler including the world's best like Gibbs and Griffith. He was out again, this time against some of India's best spinners.

Wadekar's innings were filled with strokes all round the wicket. Most delightful was his square-cut which he performed with fine perfection. Wadekar remained undefeated until the close of the game. I left the stadium having got my money's worth. 'Will he keep it up?' I wondered. He did. It seemed as though the Mysore attack had no effect on him. He returned to the pavilion only after having amassed a mammoth 323. That day Ajit Wadekar became, and has ever since remained, my most favourite sportsman.

Ajit Wadekar, one of the greatest all-rounders that Indian cricket has known, excels today as a great batsman, a good fielder and an equally good bowler. His game cannot be described in words. It has to be witnessed.

The delightful style with which he executes his strokes is a picture that always stands before me. Today this great left-hander has two treble centuries, four double centuries and many a century to his credit. He can also be counted upon for good fielding. His many catches can never be forgotten. He has also won credit as a medium-pace bowler.

Wadeker was born in Bombay on, it is amusing to note, All Fools day! But who can call him 'Unlucky Wadekar'? From early youth, Wadeker was a keen cricketer. He got his cap while playing against the mighty Australians. Later, he was selected to play against England and New Zealand. But he could not make a century while in England though he came very close to it. It was against the New Zealanders that he hit his first test century. Back in India he was in top form against the West Indians and began to reveal his true colours. His great talents were richly rewarded with the Arjuna Award in 1968. One can say, without much hesitation, that Wadekar promises us many more years of delightful cricket.

—*C. Babu Joseph,* Kerala.

PRIZE WINNER

A GLIMPSE OF ROME

THE honking of cars, the roaring of engines, working girls and businessmen rushing out from offices, traffic jams, men shouting for taxis, some blaming the hot weather, some, the unlucky day, people making appointments, students coming out from universities, schools and colleges, happy tired and hungry, others sitting in the bars, carriages with tourists moving about: yes, Rome is a busy city. And, a beautiful one too.

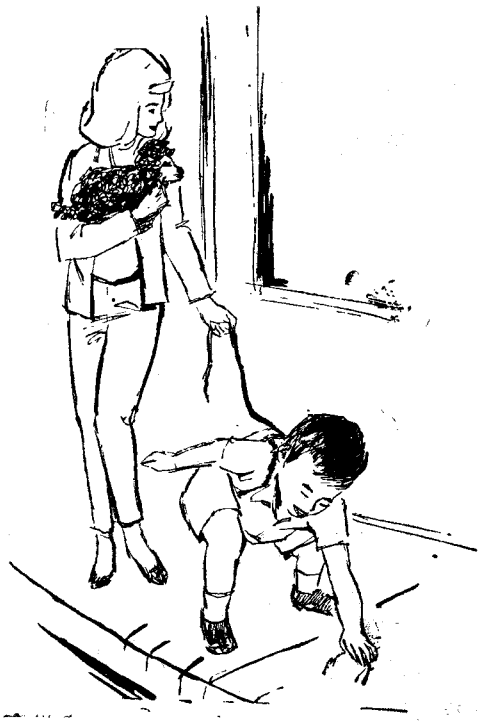
Rome, the capital of Italy, is a beautiful city, in the suburbs, as well as in its centre. By night, as well as by day. For old, as well as for young.

The people seem peculiar at first, but one gets used to them after some time. Most of the old women have a fancy for dogs, especially poodles. Sometimes, I thought them really crazy! They treated their dogs better than they treated their children. They would give their dogs water from their own glasses and then wipe their mouths with their own napkins. And, while they led their children with leather straps, they carried the poodles in their arms! Well all countries have their peculiarities.

Modern Rome is very different from the old city in many ways. In modern Rome, people live in luxurious flats with one car for each member of the family, and if one of the members is too young for a car, he will certainly have a scooter. As for other activities, there are polo clubs, golf clubs, dancing clubs, riding clubs, gambling clubs—and many others. In each area there are five to six cinema houses which are crowded at all times.

Rome is also beautiful because of its monuments and picnic spots. These characteristics might give any person an idea of luxury and happiness, but it is very different when you visit the old city.

As a person enters old Rome after leaving the heart of the city, maybe relunctantly, he



has a feeling of being in the numerous alleys of Baghdad. These alleys are mostly covered with slush, and are not cleaned every morning and night as is done in modern Rome. The high, wornout shadowy buildings with no paint left on them, give a sinister feeling. Even if it is a sunny day, there is nothing but darkness in these alleys, because of the high buildings. The small children move about, playing in dirty clothes, while their parents watch them lazily from the steps in front of their houses.

People who like antiquity, are fascinated by these alleys where civilization has not yet dawned.

One can only know and appreciate the city of Rome by living in it.

—*Mala S. Yadhav,* Gangtok (Sikkim)

MY FIRST SWIM

MY BROTHER is a good swimmer. He has a strong and swift stroke and he can keep up the pace for a fairly long time. In fact, he has learnt to swim so well that he has quite forgotten how he learnt it!

But with me it it different. However much I tried, for the life of me, I was not able to learn swimming. When I was taken by my brother to the swimming pool, I used to get in at the shallow end, grasp the rail at the side and just jump up and down in the water. At times he would try to pull me away. But it was of no use. I clung to the rail as though my life depended on it.

Once I tried to muster courage. With my brother at my side, I ventured cautiously out into the pool. But nothing would induce me to wet my head. At last my brother suddenly seized me by the shoulders and ducked me under water. I came out frightened and spluttering. I clutched wildly at my brother and began to heap reproaches on him.

On the way to the pool, and indeed at other times as well, my brother used to talk to me about swimming and give me good advice and courage.

"All you have to do," he said one day, "is to trust yourself to the water. It will keep you up all right."

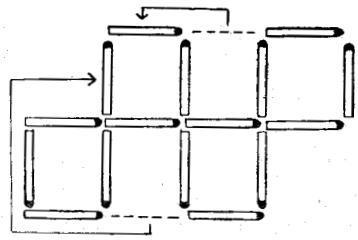
"It's all very well to talk," I said bitterly.

Arguments, however, were of little use. I couldn't swim and no amount of talk on my brother's part could get me to swim. One day he challenged, "If you can swim, even at the shallow end of the water, I promise you a chocolate bar."

A few days after that I was standing on the side of the pool near the deep end watching the swimmers. Somebody got behind me and without warning pushed me into the water. I fell in headlong. My heart struck terror. I gave a loud scream and . . . no sooner had I touched the water, than I started moving my hands and legs and to my great astonishment and incredulity I was swimming. My brother rushed to my rescue but he saw to his great satisfaction that I was swimming!

Needless to say the following evening I celebrated my victory with a chocolate bar!

—*Mukesh Patel,* Rajkot



SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

The following sent the correct solution:

1. *Shah Dilip,* Bombay. 2. *G. Raghuram,* Secunderbad. 3. *Patel Navinchandra,* Bombay. 4. *Saifuddin Plumber,* Bombay. 5. *Dimple Kapur,* Poona. 6. *K. Dhunna,* Bombay. 7. *S. Kataria,* Khanna. 8. *D. Sadhankar,* Chanda. 9. *S. Chawla,* Delhi. 10. *A. Pande,* Shahabad. 11. *N. Makwana,* Bombay. 12. *P. Alreja,* Bombay.

ANSWERS TO 'ANAGRAMS IN SPACE'

1. Satellite 2. Atmosphere 3. Rocket 4. Orbit 5. Planet.

The young detective on his first case arrived at the scene of the crime.

"Good grief," he said, "this is more serious than I thought. This window has been broken on both sides.

* * *

Wife: Now don't buy me anything expensive for my birthday. I'd rather have something you made yourself.
Husband: Such as what?
Wife: Money.

* * *

First Mouse: I am sure going up in those satellites with the monkeys.
Second Mouse: Isn't that dangerous?
First Mouse: You want I should go back into cancer research?

* * *

Dad: Son, I think it's time we talked about the facts of life.
Son: Sure, Dad. What do you want to know?

* * *

An optimist and a pessimist went into business together. Business was very good.

"Well," said the optimist. "We've had a wonderful month. A constant run of customers."

"Yes," agreed he partner gloomily. "But look at those front doors! If people keep on shoving through them, the hinges will be worn out in another week!"

* * *

Kant: What did you get that **little** silver medal for?
Kavita: For singing.
Kant: And what did you get that **big** gold medal for
Kavita: For stopping.

Husband: Where in heaven's name does all that grocery money go that I give you?
Wife: Stand aside and look into the mirror.

* * *

Doctor: The cheque you gave me came back.
Patient: So did the pain in my chest.

* * *

Teacher: What do you know about the salivary glands?
Pupil: Very little. They're so secretive.

* * *

A tobacco farmer was showing a visiting lady around his plantation.

"These are tobacco plants in full bloom," he explained.

"Isn't that wonderful," she gushed. "And when will the cigarettes be ripe?"

* * *

Burglar: The police are coming. Quick, jump out of the window.
Accomplice: But we're on the 13th floor.
Burglar: Do as I say. This is no time to be superstitious.

* * *

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said the sailor, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd throw me in."

* * *

Wife: How do you like my new slacks?
Husband: What do you call those things?
Wife: They are Capri pants.
Husband: Darling, those aren't for you. Capri is an island, not a continent!

Send us the best joke you have heard or read (mentioning the source). The very best ones we receive will be published, with acknowledgement to the sender.
Enclose this coupon with your entry.

He was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the darkness of his early years. And yet he burst into tears as the gate closed after him. The little companions, of Mrs. Mann's orphanage, were the only friends he had ever known. A feeling of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into the child's heart for the first time.

* * *

OLIVER WAS EVEN less happy in the workhouse than he had been with Mrs. Mann. He now had to work, which made him more hungry. But he was only given three meals of soup a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a small loaf of bread on Sundays.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper* at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel* at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one bowl-full, and no more — except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most carefully, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next to him. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

**copper*—a large copper vessel sunk into a brick stove. **gruel*—watery soup.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper. The gruel was served out; and a long grace was said. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper.

"What!" said the cook at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The cook aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; grabbed hold of him, and shrieked aloud for Mr. Bumble.

The Board Members of the Workhouse were at a meeting when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentlman in the high chair, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every face.

"For **more!"** said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper alloted by the dietary?"

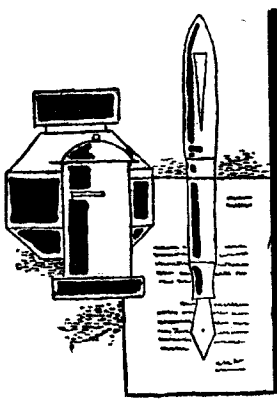
"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hanged," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hanged."

An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a notice was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business or calling.

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the notice next morning: "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hanged."

(To be Continued)



pen friends

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

Interests: _____

_____

Sub. No. _____ **Age:** _____ **Boy/Girl**

Please write CLEARLY. No changes can be made. Subscribers through school should send the Class Teacher's certificate.
Names of foreign boys and girls are accepted even if they are not subscribers. Age limit: 18 years

INDIAN

Nitin G. Ashar, (b 12)
8, Shradhanjali,
Sir Vithaldas Nagar,
Santa-Cruz (West),
BOMBAY 54.
Cricket, movies, writing.

Sebi I.L., (b 15)
C/o Lazar Irimpan,
East Fort,
TRICHUR, Kerala.
Sports, stamps, reading.

Paritosh Sharma, (b 13)
Plot 594, 19th Road,
BOMBAY 52.
Games, cycling, stamps, reading.

Khant Jitendra K. (b 16)
C/o Lohana Balashram,
MANDVI-KUTCH, Guj.
Drawing, swimming.

Sunil Kumar Sethi, (b 17)
35/1, Sindhi Society,
Chembur, BOMBAY 71.
Stamps, singing, coins.

Anup Kapur, (b 17)
Varender Jain, (b 16)
Ravender Jain, (b 17)
All from:
49, Rajpur Road,
Civil Lines, DELHI 6.
Swimming, music, photography, reading.

Satinder Oberoi, (b 15)
T/4, Powder Works Road,
Kirkee, POONA 3, Mah.
Music, stamps, photography.

Viraf P. Mulla, (b 13)
12, Sorabji Santok Lane,
Dhobitalau, BOMBAY 2.
Stamps, swimming, painting.

Shriniwas Kulkarni, (b 12)
C/o Dr. R. H. Kulkarni,
9/1, G.O. Qs., K.M.C.,
HUBLI 22, Mysore.
Reading, stamps, coins, painting.

M. R. Topno, (b 16)
St. Joseph's High School,
TORPA, Ranchi, Bihar.
Stamps, music, art, reading.

Tony Vincent, (b 15)
6, Pali Village,
Bandra, BOMBAY 50.
Swimming, stamps, reading.

Mohammed R. Rangooni, (b 11)
Shahzad Bldg., 3rd Floor,
Wanze Wadi, Mahim,
BOMBAY 16.
Stamps, cricket, reading.

S. Usha, (g 12)
C/o Mr. K. Srinivas,
148, Perumalpuram,
TIRUNELVELI 7,
Tamil Nadu.

Upadhyaya S. V., (b 17)
F/2, Jawan Nagar,
S. V. Road, Borivli (West),
BOMBAY 92.
Stamps, reading, music.

FOREIGN

Shabbir Abbas (b 18)
P.O. Box 179,
Crater, ADEN,
South Yemen.
Stamps, swimming, reading.

Najmuddin A. Nabeeji, (b 18)
P.O. Box 192,
Crater, ADEN,
South Yemen.
Stamps, songs, science.

Nafisa Goolamabbas, (g 16)
52, Cameroon Road,
1st Floor,
KOWLOON, Hong Kong.
View cards, pop songs, swimming.

Vyas Boodhoo, (b 18)
Congomah Pamplemousses,
MAURITIUS.
Science, movies, view cards.

Nalin Tulsiram, (b 15)
Mufulira Teachers Training
College, P. O. Box 400,
MUFULIRA, Zambia.
Photography, reading, tennis, art.

ANSWERS TO 'SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE?'

1. Bite something one inch away from the end of the ruler. 2. Walk across the room and give a jump. 3. Close the door between you. 4. Touch it indoors. Go outdoors and touch it. 5. Bring a chair with you when you return.

ANSWERS TO 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT'

A. (i) False. (ii) False. (iii) True.
B. (i) Correct. (ii) Laws *were* passed to control big business in order to encourage small companies. (iii) Correct
C. (i) was, of. (ii) was, who, (iii) became, when.

Answers To 'Quiz on Planets' (Sept. '69)

1. Mercury, Venus are nearer; Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto (in order) are farther.
2. That the Earth itself was a planet revolving in the Solar system with the Sun at the centre.
3. The five planets were Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.
4. Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn easily; Uranus only on a clear night with a little difficulty.
5. 90 times.
6. (a) Nine moons (b). Because the main globe of Saturn is much flattened at its poles, to the extent of 1 part in 10.
7. Twelve; nine moons revolve round Jupiter from west to east, and the other three from east to west.
8. (a). Mercury and Venus take only 3 months and 7½ months respectively (b). Neptune takes 164.8 years and Pluto, 248.4 years.
9. (a). Russian scientists, on October 4, 1959 (b). U.S.A. on November 28, 1964.
10. The sample rocks seemed to have been subjected to heat and volcanic action on the Moon. The soil seemed to be made up of one or more layers (as known on the Earth) with a crust on top. The Moon is 'alive' like the Earth, with a molten core and layers of different materials. Landslides, similar to those on the Earth, seem to occur on the Moon. The Moon rocks were found to contain titanium — more than on the Earth. The rocks seemed to be less than half a billion years old. Creatures like mice, fish, insects, quail and shrimp may survive under the Moon's conditions but, perhaps, not oysters.

The following (in order of merit) scored over 60% marks: 1. *Manohar Kamath,* Bombay. 2. *R. Nath,* Bombay. 3. *R. Thareja,* Poona. 4. *A. Sidhu,* Panchgani. 5. *N. Vyas,* Mundra. 6. *K. Padmanabhan,* Bombay. 7. *J. Bajaj,* New Delhi. 8. *N. Makwana,* Bombay.

How Well Have You Read This Issue?

In the coupon below mark True *or* False *against the numbers and send it to* Contests, SUNSHINE, Poona 1. *The names of the senders of the all-correct solution will be published, with the solution next month.*

1. Gandiji wanted the intelligent villagers to move to the cities.
2. Shah Jehan inherited his love for red sandstone from his grandfather, Akbar.
3. The Frontier Gandhi had wanted the former British India to remain as one united country.
4. The early New Zealand teams had hardly enough players to play against visiting teams.
5. Charles Dickens' famous novels were inspired by his wide readings.
6. Princess Anne's favourites are her father and her aunt.
7. Theodore Roosevelt supported the workers against monopolists.
8. Ajit Wadekar has scored more treble centuries than double centuries.

SEPTEMBER 'QUIZ ON THIS ISSUE'

The following were the first to send the correct solution:

1. *Manohar Kamath,* Bombay. 2. *Acit Gurnaney,* Poona. 3. *Fawzia Madni,* Bombay.

SOLUTION: 1.True 2. False 3. True 4. False 5. True 6. True 7. False.

1. True ..... False ..... 2. True ..... False .....
3. True ..... False ..... 4. True ..... False .....
5. True ..... False ..... 6. True ..... False .....
7. True ..... False .....

Name ..... **Age** .....

Address .....

CLOSING THOUGHT

He who always treads only the path of truth never stumbles.
—Mahatma Gandhi